

JUNE, 1954

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Charley Jones'

LAUGH BOOK MAGAZINE

Vol. 9

JUNE 1, 1954

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CHARLES E. JONES, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER



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• A national humor Magazine published monthly and dedicated to the policy of providing something for everyone. The jokes herein are supplied by the readers themselves, thus making each edition an up-to-the-minute rerun of the humor currently popular on the Main Streets of all America. Unsolicited stories (up to 1000 words), verses, blurbs, jokes, gags and cartoons accepted. No report is given and no manuscript returned unless accompanied with stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

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NEXT BIG ISSUE ON SALE JUNE 2

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a letter
from

CHARLEY!



Dear Friends:

Gosh how time does fly! It sure doesn't seem like it has been a month since I wrote you the other day — but the calendar says it is. Things been kinda peaceful around Villa Jones here of late and there hasn't much happened worthy of note.

Except that Bugle Annie had pups!

Cute little devils, too. As you might guess from the name, Bugle Ann is a beagle hound. But Bugle and her pups are not the only bits of canine population around the place — after all, there's John. And John is a beagle hound, too. And he's pupal!

And proudly so!

Bugle and John have lived together in our back yard for the past four or five years. With a couple of miscreants like them around, there is no possibility of growing any grass and we've long since become accustomed to looking at the bare earth out there in their domain.

Bugle is better than a year older than John, but she seems never to let his junior status interfere with their love life. In fact, she

seems to prefer John to all others and that's the reason we have pups right now. It happened like this:

The general idea was that Bugle shouldn't have pups this Spring, but in arriving at that decision we failed to take this canine pair and their likes and dislikes into consideration. So when it happened that Bugle appeared to be a little bit "love sick", we rushed her off to Doc Bogue's canine hospital for "observation". In human parlance, it would have been for vag and interne. Doc kept her a few days and called up and told us to come and get her — there wasn't a thing wrong at the moment. But in telling us that it is now plain to see that Doc didn't take into consideration Bugle's fondness for John, either.

So we went and got her and brought her home. In due time she again showed signs of definite "love sickness" and again we rushed her off to the hospital. And she was hospitalized before any of the little boy dogs of the neighborhood started hanging around. People who own little girl dogs will know exactly what I mean. This time we'd headed off her amazing biological urge.

After about three weeks we brought her home again with Doc

Bogue's complete assurance that all was well. And so it was until about four weeks later. By that time Bugle had taken on that "inflated" look and I started declaring that we were about to be blessed again. But the Missus and Little Charley scoffed at me and told me it was impossible. After all, she'd been penned up or hospitalized all the time.

A week later I refused to be scoffed at and insisted that Bugle be taken down to Doc's again. Little Charley took her down one morning and that evening he called to learn the score. And Doc said, "Leave her here, she'll whelp any day now."

And whelp she did and now you know what I mean about her preference for John. He has the inside of the track all the way so far as she is concerned and the rest of the boys don't even have a chance. So now he's a very proud pupa again.

He tickles me when there's pups in the dog house. It's plenty big for all but when there's pups, John will not enter. Instead, he digs him a hole in the ground and that becomes his bed room. Look out any morning and no matter how cold or frosty or how deep the snow, there will be John all wrapped around himself in that hole about six feet out from the dog house door. He's on watch, Brother, and he ain't kiddin'.

Then when Bugle goes to wean her little family, she some times gets a bit rough with them. And this John doesn't like. He'll stand just so much of it and then he'll light in and chew her ears back to the scalp. When she cuts 'em loose, John takes over. From then

on, he's the boss and how proudly he does the job.

Papa dogs don't usually do that, but John, he's different.

And he's our best dog salesman, too. When the pups are "ripe" and it's time to sell them, people come nosing around in response to our want ad. They see John and his family and that cinches it. After seeing those clowns put on their act and watching the way John looks after them, that's all! They can't resist. They dig deep into their pocket and walk away with a pup.

It's time to run a want ad this week-end and out of the six little rascals that now romp around the yard, there won't be but one or two left, if any, come Monday. And the person who buys the last pup will for certain get the best dog. We sort of have a habit of selling all of 'em but our favorite first. And the favorite's left until the last and then my daughter bawls and my wife has tears in her eyes.

And as soon as the last one is gone my wife will say, "We've got to get rid of these dogs. I'm never going to have any more pups around this place — they're too much trouble."

When she says that, Little Charley and I just laugh and laugh because we know that she doesn't mean it. We've heard that same song too many times before. And we know that the next time John and Bugle decide to go in for a bit of family life, that Mamma will be the first one to inquire how many pups and how many of them are males. And that once they're here, she'll look after

them with all the love and attention that any one could give them.

You know, there's something to this business of raising dogs. Both Bugle and John belong to Little Charley. And when ever she is heavy with pups and he has friends come in, he'll roll Bugle over on her back and scratch her belly and addressing himself to his friends will say, "Well, here's some more of my college education."

He ain't kiddin', either. Bugle and John may have had their fun but in so doing the revenue from their activities has literally paid that guy's way through school — and he's now finishing as a college junior.

Little Charley — I'm going to have to quit calling him that. He's long since outgrown me. And last February 11 he became a man with the passing of his 21st birthday. And as a gift I presented him with his membership in the Masonic lodge and by the time you read this he should have been raised as a Master Mason. He can no longer wear my shoes but since attaining his present status in the world, I have one hell of a time keeping up with my neck ties and my shirts. I wouldn't deliberately put him on the Pen Pal list but I can't help it if you gals find the address up there in the front of the magazine. Some gal in England got ahold of his name some place and I notice that ever since we frequently receive mail bearing English stamps.

Getting ready for a big event come Saturday. Going to a wedding! Seems like I'm always going to weddings, doesn't it? Well,

this time one of the "victims" is the daughter of my friend Sullivan. You old timers will remember him. He's the guy who gave me all the trouble when I was the father of the bride three years ago. He's the guy who arranged for the "auction" of the wedding presents to defray the cost of the wedding. But I don't believe that I told you that when we returned home after the daughter's reception that hanging high on the front porch was a huge sign reading, "Auction Here Today". And guess who put it there! Well, it wasn't Santa Claus in June and I've got a score to try to settle with this wild Irishman. Maybe I'll have something to tell you about it next month.

I got a letter the other day that maybe you'd like to read. One of the most interesting I've received in a long time. It's from Pfc. Jimmy Kreitzer, of the 545th Quartermaster Service Company, in Korea. It is dated March 12, 1954 and here's what Jimmy says in part:

"Dear Charley:

"What do you know, I was just lucky enough to get ahold of the LAUGH BOOK again. I like the book real well and usually read it from cover to cover when I get it. However, at one time I was particularly disgusted with it because I was about the 38th person to read it and its condition was not so good.

"I was with the Third Division at Outpost Harry at the time and the copy I saw was really tattered by the time it got to me. This incident occurred in June of 1953 but I don't recall what issue of the magazine it was. I just thought

you'd get a kick out of knowing where the book was found.

"It was found on a North Korean prisoner of war and upon being relieved of it he kept repeating over and over, 'Mee guk mit chesso,' which means 'crazy Americans' in English. When ever he'd say it, he'd keep pointing at the copy of the book. One of our Korean scouts interpreted his scorn.

"It seems that a Commie patrol invaded one of our listening posts on this particular evening and the two GI's in it automatically withdrew. One of them left the magazine behind. The North Korean Commie, finding it took it back with him. When he was later captured the GI who found the book on him slapped the Commie violently in the face with it because he figured that the Commie had killed the GI from whom he had taken it. During the slapping episode a page fell out of it and another GI picked it up and started reading it and began laughing. So the Gook thought he was crazy, especially so when he read it aloud and the rest of the GI's started laughing, too.

"I read all through the tattered pages of the book but the torn out page was missing. I wish I knew what the Hell was so funny but I guess I'll never find out.

"Well, I wrote this hoping to get my name and address in the Pen Pal Section. I'll answer all comers. Sincerely."

S/ Pfc. Jimmy Kreitzer
545th Q.M. Service Co.
A.P.O. 358, c/o P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.

There you are, girls. Have at it! Jimmy writes and sounds like a very interesting person and I'd like to hear from him again as to where he is from and all the statistics. How about it, Jim?

It's been a long time since we've received a letter like that. In our files are all kinds of letters of kindred nature. I recall that one of them tells how a couple of fellows out on patrol got pinned down behind rocks by machine gun fire and the pages of LAUGH BOOK served them well as one by one they were burned to warm their hands.

Gosh, but I've enjoyed visiting with you this month but all good things must come to an end and this is it. I'm already late getting this to the printer (as usual) and gotta hurry. See you all again next month and until then, believe me to be —

Sincerely Yours





That's Earl, Brother!

By EARL WILSON

Gems Selected From Mr. Wilson's Syndicated Column
"IT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT"

I was afraid I'd have trouble with Tranbel, but when the \$5,000-a-week saloon singer named Helen opened at the Copacabana—before a rather disappointed crowd—she was a sensational artistic hit. People ran around using words like "thrilling" afterward; seldom has anybody been as sincerely applauded.

After a couple of lighter songs, she said:

"I hope the lovers of popular music will be patient with me if I sing something in a more serious vein—an ancient folk tune sung in my native village."

Whereupon she roared out "St. Louis Blues."

Comedian Joey Bishop said somebody in the back seemed to be applauding loudly for him . . . "it turned out to be a bus boy trying to get some catsup out of a bottle."

BETTY ANN GROVE (*Red Buttons' girl friend on TV*) told us in *Sardi's* that she quit smoking, gained weight — and increased her bust measurement a couple inches. "Oh, Gaud, don't print *THAT*," exclaimed Vincent Sardi, "the cigaret companies have had enough trouble over cancer!"

D'YOU KNOW that Desi Arnaz once made a living cleaning canary cages . . . and that Lucille Ball, now employed by Philip Morris, was the original "Chesterfield Girl"? It took Roast-master Tex O'Rourke to dig up these facts for the Saints & Sinners . . .

Love is wonderful. Rita Hayworth's agent and adviser, Abe Lastfogel, told me, "Rita just doesn't seem to want to make

pictures at this time." But what about her being broke? "The matter of being broke doesn't seem to concern her now," said Abe . . . Two talented young musicians, who've played with a dozen top-flight jazz bands, are Federal narcotics agents hunting dope "pushers."

IN A LOW-CUT STRAPLESS GOWN that had the audience wondering what kept it up, Blanche Thebom sang with the Louisville Symphony the night of the Community Chest fund-raising dinner. At intermission in the lobby, the fund chairman remarked to the Episcopalian minister, "Guess what, the Chest went over the top!" Replied the minister: "I'm not surprised. I've been expecting it all evening."

"PRINCESS ALICE" LONGWORTH told Deena Clark about a sailor who was asked by a McCarran act investigator whether he had any pornographic literature. "Pornographic literature!" yelled the sailor. "I don't even have a pornograph!" . . . Spike Jones thinks TV affects kids. His four-year-old saw *Liberace*—now he wants to quit studying the piano and take candelabra lessons.

WISH I'D SAID THAT—

"Prejudice is a wonderful time saver—you can form opinions without bother to obtain the facts."—Mark Traynor. . . . Dick Barstow, describing a nagging wife: "She'll do anything to make her husband happy, except let him alone." . . . According to Sunny Gale: "A bartender is a psychiatrist with vertical patients." . . . "When a wife starts wearing the pants in the family, the husband usually shops around for a new skirt."—The Gaylords. . . . "A woman is the only hunter who uses herself for bait!"—Bernice Parks. . . . "Teeth are those white things you have pulled just before the doctor says, 'Guess it must be your tonsils!'"—Cab Calloway.

TODAY'S BEST LAUGHS Department

Herb Shriner can't see much difference in plane or train travel. "I still can't get the windows open." . . . Dave Barry notes Marilyn Monroe returned from that Korean trip with a chest cold. The doctor who examined her is recovering nicely. . . . Sunny Gale notes that the highway West from Chicago is Route 66 until it reaches Las Vegas—where it is known as "twelve the hard way." . . . "Everybody likes to see a broad smile—especially if it is at him."—Art E. Johnson. . . . Fred Allen reports receiving a Valentine from Mickey Spillane "with the heart still beating." . . . "Funny," notes Henry (Kismet) Calvin, "how for most recipes a woman goes to her neighbor for a cup of sugar and an earful of dirt."

MARY AGAIN

Mary had a little lamb
Some salad and desert,
Then gave the guy a wrong
address —
The dirty little flirt.

SO THERE!

Little Lucy had just returned from a children's party and was ushered into the parlor to be exhibited before the assembled dinner guests. "Tell the nice ladies and gentlemen what Mama's little darling did at the party," instructed the proud mother, beaming the while at her guests.

"I frowned up," said Lucy, calmly.

• • •

The height of something or other in journalism was reached the other day when a newspaper reporter on the Wichita Eagle referred to a dead skunk as "the extinct".

• • •

Eddie (to his girl friend, sitting on the park bench): "Honey, I've got an important question to ask you."

Girl Friend: "Yes, Eddie, what is it?"

Eddie: "Would you move over? I'm sitting on a nail."

My cousin twice removed (and they own remove him again) went to Detroit to buy himself a new car and drive it back home to Los Angeles thus saving paying the freight.

He had been driving a few days and was nearing California again when evening came on, and there by the roadside he saw a blonde hitchhiker — a luscious creature — waving at him. Always the good-hearted guy, my cousin slowed down and let her get in. They drove on, and after a couple of hours, he thought he'd better stop off for the night, and drove into a motel.

"Where will I sleep?" asked the blonde.

"Oh, there are a couple of blankets in the car. You can sleep there."

About three o'clock there was a knock on his door, and there was the blonde. "It's cold out here," she said. "Can't I come in?"

"O. K.," said my cousin. "Bring your blankets in with you, if you don't mind sleeping on the floor. There's only one bed here."

Another hour went by, and suddenly my cousin awoke to find the blonde in bed with him, her arms wound about his neck and her lips close to his, whispering: "Herkimer, when a man does a girl a favor, and she loves him for it—and she follows him into his cabin, and then gets into his bed. And then puts her arms about him like this. What do you suppose she wants?"

"Well, if you aren't a great one!" started my cousin. "It's the middle of the night! 4 o'clock in the morning! And you wake me up to ask me riddles!"

• • •

"How many controls on your television set?"

"Three — my wife and two children!"



"Dear Charley: Myself and a few of the boys here in the tent are just after reading one of your joke books and with us, you're tops. There are two things that keep a guy from going crazy in a place like this; one is mail and the other is a good joke now and then." A/3c Tom Ryan, 336th F.I.S., 4th F.I.U., APO 76, c/o P.M. San Francisco, Calif

OFTEN HAPPENS

"Well, Uncle Joe" the real estate man said to an old Negro who had just paid the last installment on a small farm, "I'll make you a deed to the farm now it's been paid for."

"Boss," the Negro replied, "if it's all de same to you, I wish you'd give me a mo'gage to de place."

The surprised real estate man protested that Uncle Joe didn't seem to know the difference between a deed and a mortgage.

"Well, mebbe not," said the Negro, "But I owned a fahm once an' I had a deed an' de Fust National Bank had a mo'gage, an' de bank got de fahm!"

A speaker was lecturing on forest preservation. "I don't suppose," he said, "that there is a person in the house who has done a single thing to conserve our timber resources."

Silence ruled for several seconds, and then a meek voice from the rear of the audience timidly retorted: "I once shot a woodpecker."

WHOEVER HE IS

Female voice (on the telephone)—Is this Humperdink, Upjohn, Throckmorton and Tewkesberry?

Switchboard operator—Yes, madam.

Female voice—Let me speak to Bill.

NOT AT OUR HOUSE

They were discussing the coming vacation. "Dear," said the husband to his wife, "Let's take a trip to Europe next summer. One of those all-expense tours."

"You mean," replied his wife with a Monk look, "there are other ways!"

Pattern For Living!

There was the newly rich lady who was trying her best to crash into society. She had a new home, the most ornate in town, and its interior had been created lavishly with the latest and best of everything. To make a good impression on the local society gals she staged a party of unusual proportions.

At the very last minute, just before the guests started to arrive, she discovered to her dismay that there was no toilet paper. What to do? She suddenly had an inspiration. Dashing into the sewing room she grabbed up

a bunch of sewing patterns, which she promptly snipped into appropriate sized squares with the shears, laying the squares neatly atop the water tank, back of the commode.

The party was a huge success. All the gals "Oh'ed" and "Ah'ed" at what they saw of the home and its exquisite refinements. "You might know," said one, "that she would have only the latest and best right down to the last detail. Why do you know I even noticed that in the bath room the toilet paper is marked especially 'Front' and 'Back'."

• • •

NOT CUSTOMERS

A group of public representatives were visiting a city prison, and were being shown around by the warden. On their way they passed through a room in which two very sour-visaged women were sewing.

"What are they in for?" asked one of the representatives.

"Because they have no other home," answered the warden, bitterly. "This is our private sitting room, and they are my wife and her mother."

The only time some women are honest is when they're wearing a summer dress and standing between a man and the sun.

Pity the poor
Sergeant who
couldn't find room
on his good con-
duct medal to at-
tach all his wild oat
leaf clusters.

ARTIC HEAT

It was in the Arctic circle. Across the icy wastes appeared a dog sled. Its occupants were a cute little Eskimo maiden and a stalwart Eskimo youth. "Mush," said the Eskimiss. "Mush," said the Eskimister. And while they were mushing, someone stole their dog sled.

Visitor: "And why are there two churches of the same denomination in so small a town?"

Native: "Well, it's like this. One church believes that Pharaoh's daughter really found Moses in the bull rushes and the other claims that's just what SHE says."

• • •

There'll be no more grab bag holiday parties in our office. The one I grabbed complained to the boss.

TOOT SWEET?

An up-and-coming ingenue actress with a tenth avenue background at last got a film contract by feigning a very ritzy upbringing. Bryn Mawr, etc. . . .

After she had the agreement all signed and in her pocket her new boss handed her the usual questionnaire for the publicity department.

Rapidly she scribbled in most of the biographical data, but had to chew her pencil for a few moments over the part where she was supposed to have attended elementary and high schools. She couldn't think of any high-sounding names of private institutions, so at last, with debatable inspiration, she wrote: "Educated by private tooters."

Amen.

BY INTEGRAL CALCULUS

Prof: "If the United States is bounded on the North by Canada; on the East by the Atlantic; on the South by Mexico; and on the West by the Pacific — how old am I?"

Student: "Forty-four years old!"

Prof: "And how did you arrive at that amazingly accurate conclusion?"

Student: "Because I have a brother who is half nuts and he is 22."

• • •



"Dear Charley: Looks like the vote for the short stuff wins. The long stuff was 'literature' (a lot of it very good, in my opinion) and my observation is that people who like jokes (and four letter words, often) definitely don't like to 'read,' meaning literature. Long or short, it's a good book." Mary Peters, Wilmington, Calif.

HANGOVER

"Darling," she moaned on the morning-after, "my head feels so awful, I just want to commit suicide!"

"Oh, it's surely not as bad as all that," he replied. "Give yourself another chance, it isn't too late. How old are you?"

"Only eighteen."

"My God, you're suffering from loss of memory, too!"

RESHUFFLE NEEDED

One evening late, during festivities of the American Legion, in Philadelphia, a doorman put four happy Legionnaires into a taxi-cab.

"This one goes to the Warwick Hotel," he told the driver. "These two go to the Hotel Pennsylvania, and this one with the hiccups goes to the Courtland Hotel."

A few minutes later the taxi-driver was back. He called the doorman over to the cab.

"Do you mind sorting these fellows out for me again?" he asked, "I hit a bump on South 2nd Street."

A LONG WAIT

Mrs. James said to Mrs. Smith, one bright morning, "I'm sorry to hear that your husband is still sick in bed."

"Oh, there's no need to worry," Mrs. Smith replied, cheerfully. "He's quite all right!"

"Why is he in bed then?"

"Well it's like this," Mrs. Smith explained. "When the doctor called about two months ago, he told my husband not to get up until he saw him again, and the doctor has joined the army."

Statue: I wish I were an aviator.

Flyer: Did I hear you say you wanted to be an aviator?

Statue: Yes, I'd like to fly over a pigeon just once.

DOWN, BOY, DOWN!

A fellow went to a picnic all by himself. But he was lucky, for when he got there he met a girl, also alone, who had a shoe box full of lunch. They had sandwiches and eggs and then rowed out on the lake. In the evening when the picnic was over he offered to take her home.

"Oh, you can't do that," she said, "because I live a mile from the end of the trolley line."

"I'll take you home," he insisted. "I haven't anything else to do anyhow."

So they took the trolley and at the end of the line they started to walk. They walked about half a mile when the fellow stopped.

"Give me a kiss, will you?" he asked.

"Okay," she said.

But since she was twice as tall as he was, he couldn't reach her lips. Luck was with him again for they were standing in front of an abandoned blacksmith shop. They went inside. The fellow got up on the anvil and kissed the girl. Then they started walking again. About half a mile later the fellow asked for another kiss.

"No more kissing tonight," she said.

"Well, if you aren't going to kiss me," he said, "I guess there isn't any sense in my carrying this anvil any further."

Three of the most ancient professors on the campus died in one summer.

"What caused it?" a freshman asked one of the seniors. "An epidemic?"

"Naw. The weather warmed up and they had to bury 'em."

The man who boasts that he runs things around the house is probably talking about the lawn mower.

A LEAP IN TIME

During a lecture on science the instructor asked one student: "This gas contains poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?"

"Long ones," came the reply.

ALMOST HUMAN!

Pat and Mike, two good Irish lads, had just come from the old country and were walking down a country road in Kansas, looking for work. Suddenly they saw an old-fashioned threshing machine coming towards them, the black smoke pouring from the smoke stack.

They looked at the machine in amazement, then Pat, speaking with a heavy rolling, Irish accent, said, "Bejabbers, Mike, what a country this is! A steamboat looking for water."

HIGHER LEARNING

Nothing escapes change. This applies even to the lettering which appears on certain doors and which started out simply as "Men" and "Women". Next it became a bit high hat and was changed to read "Gentlemen" and "Ladies." Then, particularly in night clubs, there appeared "Kings" and "Queens"; "His" and "Hers"; "Pointers" and "Setters" and other variations.

Complications set in, however, in a new night club of the modern Spanish Village decor. In it were used the words "Hom bre" and "Senorita". Here a worried looking individual approached the manager to inquire directions. And the manager replied, "Why, don't you know any Spanish — don't you know what 'Hom bre' means?"

"No, I don't," replied the W. L. I., "and this seems to be one hell of a time and place to start taking Spanish lessons."

LIFETIME OF LOVE

The sailor and his new bride came embarrassedly up to the desk of the hotel and after a whispered huddle asked the clerk for a room with bath. They registered and the clerk looked at their one lone piece of baggage. "Have you only an overnight case?" he inquired.

"Don't get fresh," snapped the bride, "we're going to stay here a whole week."

DAYBREAK

"Mary, Mary, you must get up!"

"But Mother, I'm not able."

"Mary, Mary you must get up! —

We need your sheet for the table!"

WRONG HOUSE

The salesman was so busy that he arrived home once in every six months. It was on one of these stops that he and his wife decided to spend a quiet evening at home. They were sitting in the parlor, deeply interested in their reading when the stillness was broken by a loud rapping on the door.

"My husband," exclaimed his wife dropping her newspaper to the floor.

"So long, he said, and with one leap he jumped out the window.

Paltry Poultry Farms
Cackleberry, U. S. A.

Dear sir, (unless your a missus)

I am writing you cause I want to buy some chickens if the price ain't too much cause I've got yet to feed em a long time and who knows maybe eggs will go lower.

I'd like to know how much for 100 pullets unless you could give me a good buy on 200 in case I might butcher my old ones except meat ain't so high either like it was. I'd like best the Leghorns but my fence ain't very high so you better quote me on some what fly lower.

I was thinking maybe turkeys I'd be getting this year but at seventy-five cents each its too much and I like geese better anyway but I ain't got a pond now on account of my spring dried up so I thot geese wouldn't do so good and ducks too, and if you knew what that robber wanted to drill a well and maybe not even soft water.

I wish you'd let me know quicklike about the chickens and I'll send you an order unless the eggs I got in the oven hatch out and I don't need them.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Mamie Hoskins
(Widow age 38 and not a bad
looker if your a sir.)

A youthful figure is what you get when you ask a women her age.

The Canine of the Species

A young English officer, in the United States for the first time, was going through the Infantry School mill down at Fort Benning, Georgia, with other "foreign" Allied officers. He was a good Joe and his Yank classmates had taken to him from the start.

So much so that they even taught him the great American indoor sport of poker. Like most beginners, Lieutenant Reggie had a streak of excellent luck, and cleaned up. As he cashed in his handsome winnings one of the Yank officers remarked, casually, that he was a lucky dog.

"Oh, I say, chum," Reggie protested, "I'm not a canine, you know."

They pointed out to the young Briton that this was just a mere figure of speech, used quite commonly here in "the States." Reggie grinned, nodded understandingly, and declared he was glad to know this, and that he'd use the expression, himself, at his first opportunity.

Two nights later Reggie barged into the barracks a sight to behold. One eye was closed tight, the other was a technicolor smile of a Honolulu sunset; his left ear was chewed up, and his still bleeding nose was almost flattened.

His Yank roommates greeted Reggie with an amazed shout. "Whatever happened to you?" asked one. "You get run over by a tank 'r somethin'?"

Answered Reggie, between puffed lips and what was left of his teeth: "Don't any of you chaps talk to me, understand? YOU'RE the cause of all this! Didn't you tell me it was quite all right to call a winner at cards a 'lucky dog'? Well, I was playing bridge with a group of married folks down in Columbus tonight, and one of the ladies was playing in unusual good luck, so I just said, 'I say, hut you ARE a lucky hitch'—and look what her husband did to me!"

LAZY DAYS

A farmer who called his newly-employed hired man out of bed at 4 A. M. was surprised a few minutes later to see the man walking off down the road. "Hey," shouted the farmer, "come back here and eat your breakfast before you go to work."

"Who's going to work? I'm going to find a place where I can spend the night!"



"AND IF YOU FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS I'VE JUST GIVEN YOU, I'M SURE HUBERT WILL FIND SOME NICE THINGS TO SAY ABOUT YOUR COOKING."

LAUGH BOOK

NOELMAN NOELJELD

Some fellows think the rainbow's gold
Is like a black-eyed blonde,
And so they pay for the right-of-way
To search the field's beyond.
But when the rainbow's end is reached,
At the price they've had to spend,
They learn the only pot of gold
IS AT THE OTHER END!

Many wives who complain about dishpan hands can spend all afternoon in a heated swimming pool without a whimper.

NO LICENSE, EITHER

In a little southern town, a sweet young bride was on trial for shooting her aged husband. Everyone knew she was guilty but she was such a sweet young thing it was hard to tell if the jury would ever convict her. After hearing the evidence the jury retired to reach their verdict but were unable to agree.

They knew she was guilty but didn't want to see her hung. Finally, they returned to the court-room and asked her if her husband had belonged to any clubs.

"Yes," she replied. "The Elks Club."
The jury returned to the jury-room and in five minutes was back with the verdict . . . \$25.00 fine. For shooting an Elk out of season!"

NO OPPORTUNITY

. . . And then there was the old maid who had stayed a spinster all her life because she never shut up long enough for a man to kiss her. . . .

A girl may go to a boy's head at first, but in a while, she goes to his pocketbook. . . .

SO DO WE

A very pretty oced, president of the Science Club, asked the biology professor to address the group. The professor rose: "I have worked closely with your president for a number of years," he said, "and during that time we have been intimate . . ." The group giggled and the professor tried valiantly to cover his slip: "and when I say intimate, I mean, of course, in a biological way."

. . . .

THAT PRIZE CATCH

We fished the lake from end to end

Throughout the heat of day.
We got a couple strikes but then,

The big one got away.

A sudden strike; a singing reel;
The line, with speed, unwound.

Before I could control the thing,

It twisted round and round.

I got the monster in the boat
It fought me fast and strong.

The prize? You guess, a sun-fish, and

About three inches long!

THROUGH ROSE COLORED GLASSES

A farmer decided to heck with it all, and drove into town, looked up a real estate man, and told him to sell the farm, lock, stock, and horses. The realtor wrote up an ad for the evening paper and read it over for the farmer's approval: "For sale: sixty acre farm, located in the beautiful, fertile section just south of town. Fully equipped and stocked. Green pastures for the stock, plenty of shade trees in the yard, good fishing in the river that flows peacefully by, plenty of game to be hunted in the nearby forests. Quiet and restful. No unnecessary noises. Clean fresh air and plenty of sunshine. Excellent roads leading to all nearby

towns."

After the ad had been read to the farmer, the fellow scratched his head and asked the real estate man to read it over to him, slower. This was done, and the man carefully accentuated all the adjectives, lest the farmer would take the deal elsewhere. After the second reading, the farmer told the real estate man the deal was off, to forget about it.

"What's wrong?" the realtor asked. "Doesn't the ad suit you?"

"That's jest it," the farmer replied. "All my life I've always wanted a place like that! Now that I've got it, I ain't gonna be fool enough to sell it!"

TOUGH LADY

During World War II, a pilot who was forced down in Belgium was rescued by a nun. She took him to her convent, and here he was handed a nun's outfit and advised to put it on and make as little noise as possible. Sooner or later, he was assured, the underground would get him back to England.

For all of eight weeks he spoke to no one. He even shaved four times a day to keep up the illusion that he was one of the sisters. But one evening, he found himself alone in the pantry with an extremely pretty sister, and with irresistible impulse swept her into his arms. For which he swiftly received a wallop on the jaw that flattened him on the floor.

"Old yer bloomin' 'orses, cawn't yer?" said the offended one in a deep, masculine voice. "I've been 'ere meself since Dunkirk!"

When a woman says she will be ready in a minute she means some minute a few hours later.

HARD TO FIGURE

The young sailor had only a twenty-four hour pass, and he was anxious to make good with his new-found girl friend, but the continual ringing of her telephone was interrupting his planned procedure.

After she had left him on the sofa to answer the ringing for the umpteenth time, he could hold still no longer. "Look here," he said, "is this the information bureau?"

"Don't be funny!" she scolded. "You just hold everything 'till I get back."

"But how can I?" he argued. "If you're going to get up and run off to the telephone every two minutes!"

Father: "Sonny, I'm going to tell you a story."

Four-Year-Old: "O.K., but keep it close. The old lady may be listening."

"That tunnel we just drove through," he said, "cost twenty million dollars to build."

As she straightened her lipstick on her mouth, she said, "Worth every cent, wasn't it?"

BANAL STORY

A woman took her two-year-old son Sidney to the doctor.

"Doctor," she said, "we're having trouble with Sidney. He doesn't seem to be interested in food."

"A child is no different than a grown-up," said the doctor. "You've got to give music, entertainment of some kind to interest him in food. Tell him a fairy story while he's eating."

So the next morning at breakfast the woman decided to tell her son a fairy story.

"Sidney," she said, "there was once a girl called Cinderella. Take the grape juice."

Sidney took the grape juice.

"So Cinderella said—Go ahead, take the cereal."

Sidney took the cereal.

"Now Cinderella had two sisters. They weren't very nice. Eat the eggs, Sidney."

Sidney ate the eggs and the rest of his breakfast, too. In fact, the kid now weighs a hundred and eighty pounds and hasn't heard the end of that story yet.

PROBABLY COULD

The efficiency expert went in to see the boss about his vacation. A few moments later he returned with a hangdog expression on his face.

Asked what was wrong, he replied sourly: "I only get one week. The boss said I'm so efficient I can have as much fun in one week as the average person has in two."

A professor took his wife to a nearby air-drome and they watched the airplanes take off and land for a while. Although they both wanted to go up very much, they discovered that it cost twenty-five dollars to charter the only machine available for such purposes. They negotiated with the pilot for some time until the flyer, in desperation, finally agreed on a deal: he would take them up free on a wild and rough ride provided neither of them opened their mouths on the whole trip. If they did it would cost them fifty dollars. The three of them took off and the pilot put them through his whole repertoire. He dove and zoomed and spun and twirled and looped the loop. Never a sound. When he finally landed he had to congratulate the professor. "I'll have to say you could really take it."

The professor, still a little shaken, remarked, "Come near talkin' when my wife fell out."

GIRLS

Girls are like pianos . . .

You can choose your favorite brand

Some of them are upright

And some of them are grand.

FULL STEAM AHEAD

A dear little old lady entered a bookshop and said to the clerk, "I want a book for my nephew."

"Certainly," replied the clerk. "Any special subject?"

"Well," said the lady, "he's just started work as a railway baggage man, and I want to help him make a success of it. I think I'll send him that book called 'Hints on Platform Speaking.'"

BIOLOGICAL LONGEVITY

The gal was becoming weary of dodging his encircling movements and in desperation finally asked, "Will you be good for just five minutes?"

"Five minutes!" he exploded, "Hell, woman, I'll be good for thirty years."

RETROSPECT

The snapshot shows my arm about her waist —

I can't recall her name . . . but through the years

I'll always marvel that such a homely face

Could seem so lovely after only seven beers.

A THRILLER!

Not so dumb was the cutie who was asked on a national quiz show what reading matter she would like to take with her to a desert island.

"A nice, tattooed sailor," she replied.

Phantom Phantasy

The beautiful young lady prepared herself for slumber, retired and soon was in the land of dreams. In her dream she saw the door of her bed chamber open slowly, cautiously. A handsome young man, impeccably attired in evening clothes, softly tip-toed across the room to her bed and quickly clapped his open hand over her mouth to stifle her frightened screams. Gently he picked her up out of the bed and in his strong arms carried her out of the house and into a big black limousine waiting at the curb. He placed her on the seat beside him and they drove off through the night.

Turning off the highway

at last, they proceeded up a moonlit lane. Selecting a place where the silvery moonbeams were filtering through the leaves of a large maple tree, the car came to a stop and the abductor turned off the ignition. He then turned to stare at the beautiful figure beside him, watching the play of the moonbeams through the sheer nylon nightie with which she was attired.

She shrank from his gaze, trembled, and struggling to regain her voice, screamed out, "What are you going to do to me now?"

"How should I know," he answered calmly. "This is your dream isn't it?"

POT LUCK

Rufus Leakin was a globe-trotter. He was never happy unless he was poking around in out-of-the-way corners of the world, trying always to find out how the other half lives.

One day while traveling through the African bush country he fell in with a band of cannibals. Rufus was the first white man they had ever seen and the cannibals were consumed with curiosity.

Unhappily, so was Rufus.

HANDY DEVICE

"How did your wife like those back scratchers I sent her for her birthday?"

"Is that what they are? She's had me trying to eat salad with them."

It says here that the word "tax" comes from the Latin word "taxare" which means "to touch sharply." No comment needed.



"WELL, YOU CAN TAKE IT RIGHT BACK TO YOUR BOSS — AND TELL HIM YOU'D SOONER HAVE THE RAISE!"

LAUGH BOOK

BOB BARNES

What with the drouth of the last two or three years in Arkansas it is now reported that the Baptists are sprinkling and the Methodists using a damp wash cloth.

GOING DOWN

An aviation cadet was listening to a lecture on the use and operation of the parachute. "And what if I pull that string and the thing doesn't open?" he asked. "That," replied the instructor, "is what is known as jumping to a conclusion."

REPEAT, PLEASE!

There's quite a difference between a school teacher and a telephone operator. The telephone operator will say to you, "I'm sorry but your three minutes are up." But the school teacher will say, "Fine, now let's go over that once more."

A wall flower is a girl who wears a sweater to keep herself warm.

CHEESY

I love to nibble all sorts of
cheeses —
Each sort gives a new taste
sensation
But tell me, why is it the Swiss
has the holes
When it's limburger that needs
ventilation?

• • •

HOW'S YOUR ARITHMETIC?

Three young men shared a furnished room for which they paid \$30 a month rent. On the first of the month their rent was due but all of them were ill with the flu. On the second they were still ill and called in a Western Union boy and sent their \$30 to their landlord with an explanation of their tardiness in making payment. The landlord was a very unusual specimen of the breed and upon hearing of the boys' tough luck, handed the messenger \$5 with instructions to return it to the renters. The messenger proved to be a bit dishonest and on the return trip spent \$3 of the \$5 for his own benefit, returning only \$2 to the three young men.

Now how is this? The young men had each paid in \$10 to make up the \$30 sent the landlord. They each received \$1 back, making their total expenditure \$29 each. Three times \$9 is \$27. The messenger stole \$3 and this added to the \$27 makes \$30. What happened to the other dollar?

• • •

MOURNING AFTER

I'm always distracted
To hear friends describing
ing
The way that I acted
When I was imbibing!

THE RAINS CAME

A midget was an invited guest at a masquerade party. Attiring himself as a knight of Sir Arthur's Round Table he cast about for a steed suitable for his small dimensions. Finding no horse or pony small enough, he selected a huge St. Bernard dog as his mount.

The party was a huge success, but like all parties, it eventually came to an end. The midget boarded his canine steed and took off for home, a considerable distance. Enroute a terrific storm arose. Though the midget and the dog battled the elements valiantly, discretion eventually seemed to be the better part of valor and the man and his mount sought shelter from the buffeting winds, the torrent of rain and the crash of lightning.

Arriving at a farm house the man knocked at the door. The farmer rose to answer the call. Opening the door he looked out and saw before him sad, wet and bedraggled the midget and his steed.

"Can you put us up for the night?" inquired the midget.

"That I will," replied the farmer. "I'd be possessed of a very hard heart indeed were I to turn out a knight on a dog like this."

VERSUS VITALIS

"This gun isn't loaded,"
young Iohabod said
As he shot off the top of
Grandfather's head.
And the old gent cried as
he sank in his chair,
"I'll never have dandruff
or falling gray hair."

• • •

OUT IN FRONT

Once there was a society woman who had a new home and who had furnished it entirely with antiques for which she had combed the nation. Once all was in order she invited her lady friends to a party in order that she might display her new treasures. They were all suitably impressed with what they saw and one small group was standing over in the corner engaged in admiring discussion of what they had seen. "I wonder where she got that magnificent chest?" one questioned. "A friend told me it was hereditary," replied another, "her mother was built that very same way!"

PAY THAT MAN!

The widowed and wealthy Texas oil man was lonesome and soon became quite attached to a young lady many years younger than he. Eventually he proposed marriage and she, with her eyes on his bank roll, accepted.

Upon learning of the engagement some of the elderly man's associates tried to discourage him from going through with the deal. Knowing the way that May-December nuptials usually wind up they pointed out to him that the woman had little or no actual interest in him but that rather she was after his wealth. He should marry some one more nearly his own age. And to this the oil man reluctantly agreed, at least in part.

"And another thing," said one of his friends. "No man of your age can possibly keep up with the needs of a young woman like her. She'll be stopping out with others constantly and all you'll be doing is paying the bills. She'll be only half yours and half some body else's."

"That's right," the old man agreed with reluctance, "but I've been in the oil business a long time and it's always been my experience that it's better to own a half interest in a gusher than complete title to a dry hole."

INFLATION

Late in November little Johnny was asked what he most wanted for Christmas. After much study he finally said, "Well, Mommy, last year you gave me a baby brother for Christmas and this year I'd like to have a pony, if it wouldn't put you out too much."

Marriage is a popular institution because it provides maximum temptation with a maximum of opportunity.

A FINE SUGGESTION

A fat dowager in a crowded Main street bus trod upon the foot of an irritable gent who was trying to read his newspaper.

"Madam," he said coldly, "I will ask you to kindly get off my foot."

"Put your foot where it belongs," she said sharply.

"Don't tempt me, Madam, don't tempt me," he murmured.

• • •

A famous maestro had a tough time deciding whether to marry a beautiful but dumb girl or a rather painful looking creature with a beautiful voice. Art finally triumphed. He married the soprano. The morning after the nuptials, he woke up, looking at her, and said, "For god's sake, SING."

• • •

He explained that he was delayed at the office—up to his neck in work.

We hear a bank examiner, somewhere in Kansas, walked into a bank. There were no clerks, tellers, cashiers. Finally he looked out the back door—there in the shade of a tree sat the four playing poker. To teach them a lesson, he tripped the burglar alarm. They never moved, but the bartender across the street came over with four beers.

• • •

SOUTHERN GALLANTRY

Mrs. Jones had been gone from her former home in Wynn, Ark., for seven years. She was now on her way back to attend a family reunion and was traveling by bus. After passing through Little Rock she fell asleep and upon awakening she didn't recognize any of the old landmarks. Thinking that she might have passed her destination she asked the gentleman sharing the seat with her: "Pardon me, but have I passed Wynn?"

"I didn't notice," replied the gentleman. "If you did, it was mighty ladylike."

A girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right—but she may also be left.

EASIER THAT WAY

A farmer dug a well, but he was not sure if the water was pure enough for human consumption. He went to the city and asked at the laboratory if he should use it or not.

The chemist said: "you will have to bring in a sample of the water. I can't tell you anything about it until I make an analysis."

The farmer came back a week later with a saucer full of water.

"Good heavens," gasped the chemist, "did you walk all the way from your home carrying that?"

"No," said the farmer, "I rode in on the bus."

• • •

Feminine voice (from a parked car): "What were you drinking to-night, rubbing alcohol?"

Marriage is all too often a romance in which the hero gets killed in the first chapter.

A conscience is something that feels so bad when everything else is feeling so good.

SUDDEN INTERRUPTION

The farmer, his business in town concluded, was driving homeward when he heard the fire siren and dutifully guided his horse and wagon over to the curb. After the engine whizzed by he clucked up his horse and started on again.

Then—it happened!—the ladder truck piled him into a heap.

"Didn't you hear the siren?" asked the cop as the farmer was scrambling from the wreckage.

"Yes, and I let 'em go by and then along came that danged truck load of drunken painters."

• • •

STUBBORN SPOUSE

Two white collar workers were discussing their vacation plans. One asked the other if he had decided on where he was going.

"Nope," came the slow reply. "I want to take a trip around the world but the wife wants to go some place else."

A little peroxide
will make a blonde
but some guys find
that gin is just as
effective.

The next day, on the same corner, the sad old man shuffled over to the sweet old lady and slipped ten dollars into her hand.

• • •

A woman had been inoculated and the next day she remained in bed to get over the bad effects. A caller arrived and the woman sent her small daughter down stairs to explain the situation.

"Yes. She was intoxicated yesterday and she has a bad headache."

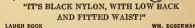
It was the eve of the Beaux Arts Ball in New York's famed Greenwich Village. And even in that unconventional locale the doorman was quite startled when a strikingly beautiful brunette put in her appearance for the event clad only in black suede gloves and black suede pumps.

"Oh, but I do," she explained. "Can't you tell? I'm the five of spades!"

Maybe figures don't lie but liars can certainly figure and that's why statisticians can be used to prove anything. Consider the law of averages. Take a group of ten girls, nine of them are virgins and the tenth is pregnant. On the average, each of the nine virgins is 10% pregnant, while the girl who is going to have the baby is left 90% virgin.

Yes, Reginald. All the others were fraternity boys.

Most husbands know how to manage a wife. But their wives won't let them.



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Sketches by Al Wiseman

Up From The Depths of Shame!

By JAYHAWK JAKE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Jayhawk Jake has ceased to be a Jayhawker and has become a Cornhusker through his recent purchase of part ownership in a Nebraska newspaper. We reprint here one of his favorites.

She said: "I'm done with sinning and I'll lead a noble life
Without a mar or blemish, for no more will passions rife
Dictate bad behavior; even though I'm in the mood
I'll set a good example of most spotless rectitude."

She sought the loving guidance of some sweet and stainless hand
Until she thought she found it in the little corner band
That labored o'er the sinners — ah, yes, worked with main and might
Upon the same old corner at the twilight of each night.

And so she told the captain: "I would walk the straight and true
And humbly serve as best I can; all this I'll gladly do
Without regret or payment, for I seek a higher berth
Than anything provided here upon this mortal earth.

"I'll give up all my drinking and I'll put aside the yen
That makes me so responsive to those great big, handsome men.
I'll turn aside those habits which have made me so depraved
And work with you to rescue those who also should be saved."



And saying this, she shouted, and she gave the drum a thump;
The girl was fascinated by its cormph and umpty-ump.
And then she stopped the pounding and began to testify

In lurid terms of escapades with men in days gone by.
The captain got an earful and he caught his breath in shame
Because the girl used language most unfitting for a dame.

"You may train with us, poor sister," he said in cautious tone,
"But just as an observer; for your sins you must atone.

"You may march down to the corner; I'll show you where to stand.
But in our nightly services you must not take a hand
Until you've cleansed your language of the phrases that I heard,
Until you have discarded every nasty sounding word."
But when they reached the corner and began to testify
This girl began to fidget, and to squirm and then to cry.
She heard the others shouting and she heard the music blare,
But she stood mute and useless, and she thought it wasn't fair.

Reprinted from *Leugh Book*
at August 1939



So then she grabbed a harness and she slipped it o'er her back,
And stepped out as a drummer, and she gave the skin a thwack;

She made the cormph-cormph and she made the cymbals clash,
And then she passed the tambourine to gather dropping cash.

"I've drunk my share of liquor and I've known the lowest males,"

She testified in accents loud, "and have I toured the jails!

But I've reformed, oh sinners, and I've sworn off men and rum

And all I want to do now is to beat this \$46/71) . . . drum!"



BACK THERE?

The Chairman of the Board was being introduced at the annual meeting of the stock holders. The introducing speaker concluded his remarks with the following tale:

"It is said among the Irish, from whence our Chairman springs, that there is always a fairy hovering near whenever a baby is born. If the fairy kisses the new born baby on the cheek or face, that baby will be fair and handsome and will make its fortune on the stage or in the movies. If the fairy kisses the baby upon the hand, it will grow up to be a noted artist, sculptor, writer or such. If the fairy kisses the child's feet it will grow up to be a famous dancer or athlete, excelling at foot racing or such. I can not say before this audience just where the good fairy kissed our honored guest, but I will say that he has become a very famous chairman."

IN EVERY HOME

A little boy was attending Sunday school for the first time and the teacher to give him proper recognition asked him, "Where does God live?"

"I don't know for sure," replied the youngster, "but I think he lives in our bath room. Every morning Daddy goes to the door, rattles the knob and yells, 'God! Are you still in there?'"

SPORTS NOTE:

The baseball game between Hootin' Hollow and Rapid Creek, which was played at Sy Perkins' cow pasture, was temporarily delayed in the fourth inning when Zeke Slade slid into what he thought was second base.

A housewife was seated at breakfast when she heard the back door slam. Thinking it was her young son returning from play, she called out, "I'm in here, darling, I've been waiting for you."

There was silence for a long moment, then an embarrassed shuffling of feet and finally a strong, masculine voice which said: "I think you ought to know, Madam, that I ain't your regular milkman!"

QUICK ONES

To distinguish vegetables from weeds, mow them all down and the ones that come back up are weeds. . . Some people never drink a drop while others never drop a drink. . . Some kids are good for a quarter and some are like their dads—good for nothing.

Who comforts me in moments of despair?
Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?
Who cooks my meals and darns my hose?
Squeezes nose drops in my nose?
Who always has a word of praise?
Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?
Who scrubs my back when in a shower?
And wakes me up at the proper hour?
Who helps keep me on the beam?
And figures in my every dream?
I do.

There were mice in the basement, so the young married couple decided to set traps for the pests. One trap was placed by a box of apples, while the other was put by a box of nuts.

Once the traps had been set, the man and his wife went up to bed. They just turned out the lights when a loud "Snap" sounded from the region of the basement. The man leaped out of bed and ran downstairs to inspect the catch. His wife followed as far as the top of the basement stairs, where she stopped and called down:

"Did you catch him by the apples, Darling?"

Came the answer from the depths of the basement: "No, Dear."

It happened recently in a local super-market. A woman wheeled a fully loaded cart to the checkstand and said, "Take out \$10 worth and you can put the rest of this back on the shelves."

HOW YA DOING, BABE

The efficiency expert was inspecting one of the branch offices of a large mail-order organization. Noting that the number of desks, telephones, and typewriters seemed more numerous than personnel, he asked one of the girls, "What is the normal complement of this office?"

"Well, sir," she replied, "I guess the most usual complement is 'Hello, honey, you sure are luscious looking this morning!'"

NO MORE GOLF

Fry as hard as he might, the young husband failed to get his wife into the hospital in time for their first baby to be born. With his foot in the carboard he'd broken all traffic laws in his headlong rush, turned corners on two wheels and broken all records for the measured mile in traffic. But in spite of his haste the baby was born on the hospital lawn.

Imagine his anger then when he later received a bill from the hospital calling for \$50 in delivery room fees. He wrote a strong letter in remonstrance, stating the facts as they had happened.

In due time his altered bill was returned. There was no longer a charge for the delivery room but instead it read:

"Green fees, \$50."

Little Willie wrote a book. Women was the theme he took. Women was his only text. Ain't he cute? He's overused.

Hibernian Romance

The Santa Fe railroad had just completed its rail line through to the West Coast and one of the first trains to cross the desert was a circus train. Enroute one of the monkeys died and its body was thrown from the train, coming to rest along side the track in the wind-blown desert sand.

Shortly after the train passed a band of curious Indians rode along the tracks. Coming upon the body of the dead monk, they stopped their horses, dismounted and started to investigate. Since none had ever seen a monkey before

the presence of this one struck them with awe. Since none could identify it, they carried it back to their camp and presented it to their medicine man.

The medicine man examined it long and carefully. He stretched out its tail, looked carefully at its ears, its nose, its feet. Lifting its closed eyelids, he peered into the lifeless eyes and then made due scientific explanation of the carcass before him.

"Ugh!", he said, "long time ago Irishman make love to cat!"

GHOSTLY YARN

Two ghosts sat and played canasta in the castle's turret dungeon when the door opened and a third ghost came in. A gust of wind blew the cards from the table and the game had to be begun anew.

After awhile the door opened again and a fourth spook drifted in. The draft again mixed up the cards.

"For Pete's sake!" one of the card players exclaimed in anger, "why do you have to open that door? What do you think that keyhole is for?"

PAY UP OR ELSE!

When the young man called upon his sweetheart she gave him the cold shoulder, and demanded to know who the lady was that he was out with at a sidewalk cafe last night.

"Oh," exclaimed the young man, "That was no sidewalk cafe. She was my landlady and that was my furniture."

• • •

Some girls proclaim their beauty from the back logs.



LAUGH BOOK

BILL FOLVOST

"WAS THAT SECOND HAMBURGER WITH?"

Then there was the ostrich who became very frightened when a storm came up. He stuck his head in the sand and lightning struck his antenna.

• • •

"Hurray," cried the rabbit running out of the forest fire, "I've been defurred!"

QUICK THINKER

Gardner - "Look here, boy, what are you doing in my melon patch?"

Boy - "I'm so glad you came along, sir - one of your melons broke loose, and I can't seem to find how to fasten it on again."

—Josie Jones

A husband is what is left of a sweetheart after the nerve is removed.

OPEN AIR MOVIE

The lovers kiss upon the screen
And go into a clinch,
But no more closely than the
ones
Who watch . . . and that's a
clinch!

Ladies and gentlemen, it's best we
should see,
The blissful life of the common
bee.
Free of charge, gathers nectar,
And on his hip has his own pro-
tector.

He's never hounded by a sheriff
Nor gives a boot about the tariff.
Miles and miles he goes without
toil,

Yet never endorses a motor oil.
Would that I might fly and play.
And make some honey every day!

BUGOLOGY

He: "What is it that has twenty-four legs, green eyes,
a pink body with purple stripes and furs on it?"

She: "I give up — what does?"

He: "Well, I don't know either, but what ever it is,
there's one crawling up the back of your neck and you'd
better brush it off."

LOOKING FORWARD

It didn't take much persuasion on
the part of the traveling salesman to
get the demure little school teacher
to go for a ride in the country with
him. They rode and they rode and
finally took time out to park. In due
time they resumed their drive and as
they did so the little teacher started
saddling conspicuously. Alarmed by her
actions the salesman slowed the car
to inquire what the trouble was.

"I just can't do it," sobbed the
teacher, "I just can't stand up there
in front of all those sweet, innocent
little children tomorrow after what's
happened twice tonight."

"Twice?" questioned the salesman,
"what do you mean twice?"

"Well aren't we going to stop again
on the way home?" she asked.

FOR THE DOG?

"Nurse, what is all that
noise in the next room?"

"Oh, nothing but a lit-
tle misunderstanding. The
patient asked the new stu-
dent nurse for a urinal and
she went out and came back
and said she couldn't find
him a Journal but she
brought him a Saturday
Evening Post."

"Stand behind your lover," said the
Sooty man to his unfaithful wife. "I'm
going to shoot you both."

PROTECTION

Though my singing in the
bathtub

Isn't resonant or rich,
And I can't remember lyrics
And am often off the pitch,
I continue tra-la-la-ing,
And shall do so evermore,
For I've found it very useful
With no lock upon the door!

POT PIE

Sing a song of siropence
Too many shots of rye
The king was in the hospital,
Expected soon to die.
The nurse brought in a funny pan;
The queen began to sing:
"Now isn't that a funny dish
To set beneath a king."

USE YOUR HEAD

"I certainly don't under-
stand," said the irate husband.
"Here we are with the wolf at
the door, and you come up
with a new fur coat."

"That's simple," his wife re-
plied. "I let him in last night."

AIN'T NATURE GRAND?

Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in
the country and one morning while crossing
the barn lot, she chanced to see a gorgeous
peacock, a pet of the household. After gazing
upon the colorful bird for several minutes, she
raced into the house and exclaimed, "Oh,
Grandma, come out here quick. One of your
chickens is in bloom."

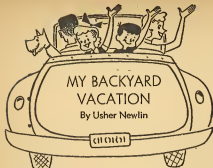
Every morning the car used to
stop outside the gates of the state
asylum. Inside the fence one of
the inmates, who imagined himself
a pitcher, would be going through
elaborate wind-up and pitching
motions, using an imaginary ball.
After studying him for awhile the
driver of the car, a well-dressed
fraternity man, would leave. Af-
ter a few days of this the gate-
keeper asked him, "Pardon me,
sir, but why do you come here
each day and study that poor fel-
low?"

"Well," answered the student in
the car, "if things continue the
way they are in my courses, I'll
be in there some day catching for
him and I want to get on to his
curves."

YOU'RE TOO LATE

The lady of the house
said to her cook: "Now
Liza, I saw the milkman
kiss you as he delivered
the milk this morning. In
the future I will take the
milk in!"

"It won't do no good!"
replied the cook, "Me an'
him's engaged!"



I spent my vacation at home last year for several reasons.

First, I found I could loll in a hammock in my back yard under a bunk of blue sky and blazing sun with the soft, sweet voices of children at play in the sandpile sounding gently in my ears.

Second, I did not have to rely on a restaurant's doubtful menu but could dine on such delicacies as hamburgers, wieners and vegetable casseroles, raiding the refrigerator at will for tidbits of leftover mashed potatoes, string beans and custard puddings.

Third, I had to stroll only a short distance to view such wonders as the inspiring new Court House, gay gas stations, popular root beer stands and the lovely vista of Main Street unwinding be-

fore my spellbound sight into the subdued green of the park. I found the beauty of the new Drive-In Theatre soul-stirring.

Fourth, I could really enjoy all the comforts of home, including luxurious rooms, furnished with every modern convenience, gracious attendance to my every need and stimulating conversation — truly, I was free of worries as to burglars breaking in, the paper boy and milkman forgetting our request to cease service. And of course I was spared that heart-breaking moment ten miles out of town when it was discovered my mother-in-law had been left behind.

Fifth, I could go hiking over interesting back lots and down intriguing alleys; I swam in the al-

most-clear waters at the city swimming pool, played golf on the smooth green links at the motorious County Club and wined and dined my wife in the sophisticated atmosphere of Ronald's Roadhouse. I danced to the strains of Johnny Williams on the gally-flashing juke box and flirted at least a little with Marna, the harmaid, whose hrightness of hair couldn't have been exceeded in Hollywood and whose figure would have succeeded anywhere.

Sixth, I did not have to worry about accidents on the road or wonder what I would do in case of any emergency; I did not have to fight my way through traffic in a strange city and take pills to keep awake. I did not have to worry about getting back home before the two weeks were up.

SEVENTH, I was broke.

—Usher Newlin

Beta (at basketball game): "See that big substitute out there playing forward? I think he's going to be our best man this year."

Theta: "Ob, darling, this is so sudden!"

A TOUGH CASE

At a revival meeting one of the elders of the church advanced with an old man, a recent convert, prepared for the baptismal dip in the water.

The usual questions were asked whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a short silence an old man arose and remarked, solemnly:

"Brother, I don't want to interfere with your business, but I jes' want to say that this is an old sinner you've got hold of, and that just one dip won't do him any good. You'll have to anchor him out in deep water overnight."

In the old days, when a fellow told a girl a naughty story, she blushed. Nowadays she tells him a funnier punch line.

THAT'LL HOLD HER

As a weary postal clerk returned home from his daily chores, his elated wife exhibited a greeting card and said, "Look at what your old rival Jim Eldridge, sent me." She read: "Best wishes on your 39th birthday!"

"Yeah?" said the husband. "Is that blarney tosser blaming the postal department for taking seven years to deliver that card?"

They barely made it! The car with the out-of-state license plates pulled to a sudden stop in front of a country service station and a woman hurriedly rushed out of the car and down the path to the outdoor plumbing at the rear of the lot. Meanwhile, her husband occupied his time in conversation with the operator.

"Situating away out here on the desert," he said, "you must have a tough time making a living."

"That's right," said the operator, "but I do have lots of fun. I'm a sort of an inventor and I've got a new gadget here. Come on in and let me show you."

The two moved inside the station, where the operator

picked up a microphone and mumbled a few unintelligible words into it. Immediately there was a great commotion out back. The woman screamed loudly as she emerged from the house at the end of the path in a dead run, adjusting her clothes as she ran. Into the car she went and slammed the door.

Her husband immediately joined her and as they pulled away down the road the husband inquired. "What's the matter with you?"

"Well," she said, "I'd just gotten in there when I heard some one say, 'Sorry, Madam, but will you please move over to the other side . . . we're painting down here.'"

ITEM FROM THE AUGUSTA GAZETTE

"Marjorie Evans, assistant cashier at the bank, was slightly bruised Monday afternoon when the car driven by Mr. William Baker struck her in front of the bank. Mr. Baker is to be commended for the consideration he showed for Miss Evans. He stopped his car immediately, picking her up and feeling her all over to make sure no bones were broken, after which he insisted on taking her to his apartment where he could make a more thorough examination. We are glad to hear that outside of a slight bruise on her left hip, he could find no injuries."

Some women get even with their husbands by staying married to them.

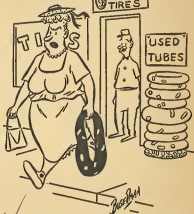
A diplomat is a person who knows how far to go before he goes too far.

Some people would live on strictly a liquid diet, if it wasn't for a few pretzels.

Many married men insist that they are on speaking terms with their wives when all they do is listen.

Exercise sometimes takes off fat, but it doesn't seem to help a woman's double chin.

A bachelor is a man who has the whole closet to himself.



"DARNED IF I'LL PAY THE PRICE THEY ASK FOR THEM STORE GARTERS!"

LAUGH BOOK

WM. ROSEMAN

THE JACKPOT

A young husband, wrapped in the greatest excitement, ran to the nearest telegraph office of his town and wired his wife's relatives the following information:

"Triplets today, more tomorrow!"

He: "For two pins I'd kiss you."

She: "Well take these two hair pins. I can see right now my hair is going to get mussed up before very long any way."

He gave her so much jewelry and furs that he finally married her for his money.

FAIR AND SQUARE

An alleged horse thief was brought to trial and the old judge instructed the jury: "Gentlemen, this is a democratic country, and this feller is supposed to git a fair trial."

You'll have to listen to the testimony and decide if he is guilty or not guilty. Just remember one thing, there's somebody bigger'n you and me.

There's a Divine Justice above and beyond this here court room, an Eternal Providence looking down here, and he ain't gonna be taken in by no lying horse thief."

LIKE GRANDPA—LIKE SON

As little Ned brought forth a sigh
Grandpa Ned hobbled near;
He brushed a tear from the good
boy's eye
And asked, "What goes on here?"

"I cannot do," the youngster said,
"Like all the big boys do."
"Move over, son," spoke Grandpa Ned,
"And let me cry with you."

"What is a delegate-at-large?"
"A lodge member who goes to a convention without his wife."

"Do you want to sell that horse?"

"Sure, I want to sell the horse," the farmer replied.
"Can he run?"

"Can he run? Look," thereupon slapping the part of the horse sometimes used for that purpose, and off trotted the horse at full speed, running just as prettily as could be.

Suddenly the horse ran full speed into a tree.

"Is he blind?" the young fellow hurriedly blurted.

The farmer thought even quicker.

"Hell, no," he drawled. "He just doesn't give a damn."

• • •

First Young Matron: "I was married in blue to show my faithfulness."

Second Young Matron: "I was married in white to show my purity."

Third Young Matron: "I wore a business suit, and what's it to go?"

EMBARRASSING MOMENT

A young veteran, just released from service and again in civilian clothes, called upon a girl with whom he had been corresponding but never had seen. He was warmly welcomed by the girl and hospitably received by her parents. And not having engaged a hotel room, he was induced by the father to stay all night.

He slept late, and, scenting breakfast in preparation, dressed hurriedly. Seated at the table, he faced a mirror, and discovered he hadn't brushed his hair. Next, in removing the napkin to his lap, he found that he had overlooked zipping the front of his slacks. At the same time, his hand came in contact with fabric which he believed was the tail of his shirt.

His face getting red, he valiantly tried to take part in the conversation, meanwhile nervously crowding the fabric inside his slacks and zipping the zipper.

Breakfast finished, he rose from the table with his host. And a large part of the tablecloth, amid a clattering of dishes, rose with him.

Yes, he married the girl. He has now been listening for years to his wife's telling friends of his greatest embarrassment.

• • •

A girl doesn't mind losing her heart to a man, but she hates to have him start searching for it.

"I can't give you anything but love, Baby," sang the father as he rocked the infant to sleep.

LONG DIVISION

The teacher was conducting a test in geography. One question was, "Name the zones" and it apparently struck little John quite unawares. Any how, he answered by saying, "There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is divided into the temperate and the interperate and the feminine is divided into the frigid and torrid."

• • •

Hillbilly Maw: Wake up,
Paw! The garbage man's here!
Hillbilly Paw: Well, tell 'im
to leave us a half 'a paill

An Air Force sarge chum of ours lost 122 pounds on his transfer from Mitchell Air Force Base to a West Coast field. Her name's Ethel and her phone number is Hempstead 0965-W.

THE CHANCE IS IN YOUR FAVOR

If you drive a car
You have two chances,
One of having an accident
And one of not.
If you have an accident
You have two chances,
One of getting hurt
And one of not.
If you get hurt
You have two chances,
One of dying
And one of not.
If you die,
Well, you still have two
chances.

—Arizona Highway Dept.

• • •

"The yard and the kitchen are the most dangerous places around the home," according to an accident survey. Also the front porch swing has finished off a lot of bachelors.

• • •

On a questionnaire asking, "What is the principle contribution of the automotive age?" The following answer was given by a college student: "It has practically stopped horse stealing."

• • •

Mechanic: "With a car like that, my advice is to keep it moving."

Owner: "Why?"

Mechanic: "If you ever stop, the cops will think it's an accident."

• • •

Sign in a store window. "Sale of bath towels for the whole damp family."

"Let me tell you something," said his wife. "I think your bartender Moriarty, is taking the money."

"I don't think so," said Doyle, "but I'll watch him."

"So he bored a hole in the back of the door to watch Moriarty. A customer came in, put a quarter down, and had a drink. Moriarty took the quarter. 'If it's heads,' he said, 'I'll give it to Doyle and put it in the register. If it's tails, it's mine. Tails!' So he put it in his pocket. Two men came in. They put a half dollar on the bar. Moriarty took the half dollar. 'If it's heads,' he said, 'I'll give it to Doyle. Tails I'll keep it myself. Tails!' And into his pocket it went. A couple of more fellows came in, ordered two drinks of whisky. Again Moriarty said, 'Tails and I'll keep it for myself, heads I'll give it to Doyle.' It came down heads. 'Well,' said Moriarty, 'I'll make it two out of three,' and stuck up the coin again. It came down heads again. 'I'll make it three out of five.' For the third time it came down heads. 'Oh, well,' said Moriarty, 'I'll keep it anyway.'

"Hey!" hollered Doyle from behind the door. "Put that in the register. I won that fair and square."

• • •

YOU'RE RIGHT

Teacher: "How many sets of teeth does a person have?"

Pupil: "Three."

Teacher: "Three? Name them."

Pupil: "Temporary, permanent and false."

LAUGH DOCK

BOB PAPLOW

FELINE DESTINY

George and John, small sons of a Baptist minister, listened carefully to one of their father's sermons and decided that their family of cats should be baptized. The kittens made no objection and one by one were dipped in a tub of water and released. But mama cat was different. She rebelled and fought and scratched and hissed until John said to George, "I give up. Let's just sprinkle her and let her go to Hell!"

THAT EXPLAINS IT

The handsome husband and his attractive young wife were airing their marital troubles in court. "We were very happy for a couple of years, your Honor," sobbed the wife, "And then—the baby came."

"Munn," sympathized the judge, "Boy or girl?"

"Girl, of course," snapped the wife. "She moved in next door."

People who
throw kisses are
mighty near hope-
lessly lazy.

GETS SICK EASILY

Two women were talking over a cup of tea one afternoon and one of them said:

"My husband has no bad habits whatsoever. He never drinks and he spends all his evenings at home. Why, he doesn't even belong to a club."

"Does he smoke?" asked the other woman.

"Only in moderation," was the former's reply. "He does like a cigar after he has had a good dinner, but I don't suppose he smokes two cigars a month."

• • •

She: "Where are you going to spend your honeymoon, my dear?"

Her (blushing): "In France."

She: "How lovely!"

Her: "Isn't it? Harry told me that as soon as we were married he would show me where he was wounded in the war."

AND IN THE PARLOR

There was a broken down Southern aristocrat who had two daughters, named Faith and Charity. Faith had ambitions to go on the stage and soon as she was old enough she left the ancestral old mansion for the bright lights of New York. Here her simple beauty and her unaffected conduct soon won for her the place she most desired. Success came to her in a large measure. She was the toast of the town and everybody's darling.

After a long interval of time she thought to return home to display her new affluence. She notified her father and her sister that she would arrive on a certain train. When the train drew into the station Faith was prepared to receive the adulation of the citizens. She had a drawing room on the Pullman; a maid; six trunks; diamonds on her ears and fingers; spike heels; a fine mink coat and everything indicative of material wealth. Like a true princess she alighted from the train, with porters and red caps standing around to do her bidding.

Imagine her surprise then, when up drove Charity to the station in the biggest, blackest, chromiast new Cadillac imaginable—a block long it was . . . and stepped out of the car attended by a liveried chauffeur. Charity was in black lace, complete with jewelry, mink coat and everything to outshine Faith, who was overwhelmed at the magnificence of her sister's get-up.

And the moral of this story is: Charity begins at home!

NOT WASTED, ANYWAY

Wearing her new evening gown which was extremely daring, the wife paced up and down for her husband's inspection.

"Well, how do I look?" she said finally.

"I hate to say it, dear," replied her husband grimly, "but you're getting fat."

She gave him a look of annoyance.

"In the best places they say 'plump,'" she corrected.

"Well, then," retorted her spouse, "you're getting plump in the best places."

• • •

UP THE LADDER

Judge: "What's your profession?"

Witness: "Agricultural expert."

Judge: "What was your father's?"

Witness: "A farmer."

Judge: "And your grandfather?"

Witness: "A peasant."

• • •

THE LAST WORD

The young man had just proposed but she had declined his offer of marriage.

"However, Jack," she said cheerfully, "I will always be a sister to you."

"A sister?" retorted the rejected suitor, "Oh, no, you won't!"

"Oh, but I will," returned the girl. "I accepted your brother last night."

Gal at door, with gent, after evening out: "No, no kisses."

Gent: "Why not?"

Gal: "No, if I kiss you, I know I'll hate myself in the morning."

Gent: "O. K. then, skip it! Good-bye."

Gal: "Come back here! I—I can get up in the afternoon, can't I?"

THAT'LL HOLD HIM

The post office inspector was checking up on the post office. He entered a little post office at the rear of a store. Nothing suited him. He stared at the grocer-post master, "You'll certainly hear about this when I read in my report."

The little old grocer-post master drew himself to his full height and marched into the post office. A few minutes later he handed the inspector a cigar box full of postal belongings, "Here," he said, "take your old post office and get the hell out!"

• • •
"Are you a little boy or a little girl?"

"Sure, what the hell else could I be?"

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count calves.

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"A wonderful remedy, doctor. I took three spoonfuls and my cough went. I rubbed three spoonfuls onto my knee for rheumatism, and the rest we used to clean the silver."

AND HURRY UP

"To be a top-notch salesman, you must be a psychologist, you must be able to read people's minds," bragged the hot-shot, "right now I know what you are thinking."

"Then why don't you go there?" asked the purchasing agent.

Super-market clerk: "Yes, ma'am. This new no-rinse cleanser will cut your housework in half."

Housewife: "Give me three of them."

"What is it about a dachshund that you don't care for?"

"They make such a draft when they come into a room. They always keep the door open so long."

The little girl was telling her teacher about her baby teeth coming out. One tooth was loose and she already had lost three.

"Pretty soon I'll be running on the rims," she said.

ETIQUETTE

There was a young man from Alaska
Whose wife once took him to taska
She angrily said
"When we go to bed
Be polite, you lug, and first ask."

A young thing stepped on the drugstore scales after eating a giant sundae and she was shocked at what she beheld.

She slipped off her coat and tried it again. The results were still unflattering, so she slid off her shoes . . . then she discovered she was out of pennies. Without a moment hesitation, she lad behind the soda fountain stepped forward.

She: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"

He: "Why do you think I'm here?"



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 (Tuba Player)
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 Shaggyukmyidokings
 (Aiseline hostess)
 Upatiremold
 (Capon)
 Yoaterrooster
 (Can of beans)
 Yannedwind
 (Antlers in tree-top)
 Hoogootomoooe

—Ken Rollins

BIG SURPRISE

A couple of "the boys" were walking down Market Street in Frisco looking at the women's clothes in the stores. They loudly expressed their desire to have such nice things.

Walking along the waterfront, the native was showing his guest all the sights. "And right over there is the Ferry Building." "Oh, how wonderful!" the guest said "But what are those little white boats over there?" "Those are ferry boats." "Mercy me, I didn't know us boys had a navy!"

• • •

EXPERIENCED MAN

The vacuum cleaner salesman who had an appointment found the housewife unable to keep it. He suggested the following day.

"That's my busy day," she said. "If you call then you'll find me in a tizzy."

"That won't worry me, madam," said the salesman. "My last customer was in a kimono."

• • •

She: "Do you think of me when you're away, darling?"
 He: "Yes, sweet, I always bare you in mind."

Ed is bringing Sarah home from an expensive night club.

Ed: "You know, babo, I've got \$15 invested in you."

Sarah: "Yes—and what do you expect?"

Ed: "Oh—to take about a \$13 loss."

• • •

"Why do you call our girl 'Chockers'?"

"Because she jumps whenever I make a wrong move."

• • •

A kiss that speaks volumes is seldom a first edition.

• • •

This reminds me of the chick who claimed that bacteria was the rear of a cafeteria.

• • •

Hokay: Who gave the bride away?

Pokay: I could have, but kept my mouth shut.

• • •

A gal has to have an awful lot of experience in order to kiss like a beginner.

• • •

"If I am studying when you come in wake me up."

• • •

After looking over a moose at the zoo, it seems to us that a man shot by mistake for one of them might as well be dead anyhow.

• • •

Just because my eyes are red doesn't mean I'm drunk. For all you know, I may be a white rabbit.

• • •

With necklines getting lower and skirts getting shorter, it's a good thing the modern coed goes in for wide belts.

• • •

You're not so sharp just because your head comes to a point.

• • •

The stork who brought you should be arrested for smuggling dope.

• • •

The chances are that a child given money to be good will eventually be good for nothing.

Dear Charley: If more doctors would recommend your publication there'd be more people on legs—fewer on crutches—and maybe less divorcees, too. I believe every married couple should keep a copy of LAUGH BOOK handy. When quarrels arise—just before the final explosion—they should read a few laughs. Right away many judges could go on vacation."—Harry Hodrick, Mansfield, So. Dak.

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and Address in
the Margin—

(Serviceman friend's name
below, if third box is checked)

—AND SEND TO
**LAUGH BOOK
MAGAZINE**

438 N. Main Wichita, Kan.

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

John: "The world is sure in a mess. I had to go to the clerk's office this morning and raise Cain because they sold some land I've paid taxes on for 35 years."

Jane: "Did you get it back?"

John: "Get it back? The clerk checked the records and found out I'd never owned it."

Then there was the strip teaser who went to work with the Red Cross, where she was a dismal failure. For years she'd trained herself to drop every stitch.

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"
"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."

Small boy: "What is college bread, pop?"

Pop (with son in college): "They make college bread, my boy, from the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS
Sell our ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS and other NOVELTIES. Each booklet also 45¢ and is FULLY ILLUSTRATED. We will send 24 assorted booklets prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00 or 60 assorted booklets sent prepaid upon receipt of \$2.00. Wholesale novelty price list sent with order only. No orders sent C. O. D. Send cash or money order. BRERAO SALES CO., 1 Orchard St., Dept. 1777, New York 5 N. Y.



"NOW, HAVING LEFT THE PETCOCK IN FULL OPEN POSITION FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES..."

LAUGH BOOK

GEORGE CRISHAW

PEN THIEVES

A prison term serves well enough
For those who go astray.
And pounding rocks I will admit
Is quite a price to pay
But I would like to use again

The old time torture rack.

On those who borrow fountain pens

And never give them back!

He: "Love was born with that kiss, Darling."

She: "O.K., but hurry and wipe off that birthmark—here comes Dad."

"I'll raise you two," said the cute co-ed to her poker-playing boy friend after her X-ray picture revealed the presence of twins.

Irate Kappa Delt: "Say, what's the big idea following me, anyway? Haven't you ever seen anyone like me before?"

Frosh: "Yeah, but I had to pay four bits."

A FINE MISSION

The handsome Sergeant, a purple heart on his blouse, hurrying to the camp hospital was stopped by an officer who inquired why the rush.

After a snappy salute, the Sergeant replied, "I'm reporting for observation?"

"Anything wrong?" asked the officer.

"No, sir. Just want to get another look at the nurse."



ATTRACTIVE WOODEN MOTTO PLAQUE

It's back again — the motto plaque — and more popular than ever. Substantially made of suitable light-colored wood with attractive, high gloss natural finish. Colored lettering. Antique appearance with hammered brass nail heads — notched ends. Dusts and wipes clean with damp cloth. Durable plastic cord for easy hanging. Order Plaque No. 585. Send \$1 each for

JAYHAWK SALES CO.

321 So. Clifton Wichita 8, Kansas

PRE PRENATAL

The young bride timidly approached the clerk in the drug store. "I saw your advertisement about the new baby tonic, guaranteed to make bigger and stronger babies."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "we have many customers who have tried it and who are more than satisfied with their results."

"Well," said the little bride, "I guess I'll take a bottle." The clerk wrapped her package for her and she departed.

About five minutes later she returned and very shyly approached the same clerk. "Oh, I just happened to think," she said, "I forgot to ask you something. Which one of us takes it . . . me or my husband?"

Corporal: "Can you give me a definition of an orator?"

Private: "Sure. He's a fellow who is always ready to lay down your life for his country."

TOO ELIGIBLE

Miss Green: "I know he's rich, but isn't he too old to be considered eligible?"

Miss Brown: "My dear, he's too eligible to be considered old."

Customer: "What do you do when someone forgets his change?"

Cashier: "Why, I rap on the window with a dollar bill."

The difference between amnesia and magnesia is that the fellow with amnesia can't remember where he is going.



"MIND IF I LET THE DUSTING GO UNTIL TOMORROW?"

LAUGH BOOK

BRAMER KELLER

SAD ENDING

Poppa loved Mamma,
Mamma loved men . . .
Mamma's in the grave yard,
Poppo's in the pen!

"So the doctor's trial marriage has been found out?"

"Yes, and he has been arrested."

"Is that right? What's the charge?"

"Practicing without a license!"

New hand: I know the bull is harmless, boss. I just climbed the ladder up here to inspect the roof.

Farmer: What ladder?

"Doctor, is there something wrong with me?"

"Yes, Miss, but it's trifling."

"Oh, it can't be, Doctor. I never do anything so very wrong and besides, I'm always careful."

Pen Pals

We have had numerous complaints because of the fact that Pen Pals for the past several months has failed to state age or any other vital statistics. We are consequently adopting a new policy. In the future all Pen Pal letters must show the age, color of eyes and hair, height, weight. Starting next month no letters will be published which fail to give us this information.

Judy Douglas
21947 Florence
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

(Miss) Pauline Renaud
Orleans, Ont.,
Via Ottawa, Ont.,
Canada

(Miss) Georgette Erisbois
R.R. #1,
Ottawa, Ontario,
Canada

Pvt. Donald R. Carlson
Co. A, 42nd Eng. Const. Bn.
APO 381, c/o P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.

Cpl. David Johnson
47th Trans. Hvy. Trk. Co.,
APO 58, c/o P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.

Fred "Bebe" Sigar
455 Cogger Ave.,
Harrodsburg, Ky.

Pvt. Roland J. Bliskey
Hq. Co., 3rd Bn., 21st Inf. Rgt.
APO 24, c/o P.M.
San Francisco, Calif.

Miss Judy Ellis
22401 Alexander
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

DEAR EDITOR:

Indeed yours is an "International humor magazine" as it does not fail to provoke laughter in an "Ami" or "Abdul", whoever or where ever he may be. Thanks for giving such food for laughter. Could you kindly print my name and address in the Pen Pals column. No letter shall remain unanswered. Hands across the sea!

M. A. Hafeez Sofi
Nakshband Street
Brundreth Road
Lahore, Pakistan

• • •

DEAR SIR:

It is possible for you to find me a girl to write to who does not live too far from here? I would like to write to some girls who live not too far from Biloxi, including New Orleans and Mobile. Then maybe I could go out with them because here, all we have is barracks and men. I was 30 in January and am a native of Maine.

A/te Ronald W. Jeon
3404 Student Sq., Box 379
Kearler A.F.B., Miss.

• • •

DEAR CHARLEY:

I very much like to write letters and would ever so much like to write to some service men. I am 5 feet 5 inches tall, with brown hair and blue eyes. But not very pretty. I will send a picture with any letter I write.

Vine Keene
P.O. Box 337
Cordova, Alaska

• • •

DEAR CHARLEY:

I am interested in Pen Pals. The only thing is, it doesn't give their ages. I take it, they are older than me. I am 17 and a senior in high school.

Larry Downs
St. Charles, Iowa.



The Memoirs of an Old Timer

Conducted by

HERB SMITH

—Aboard the U S Army transport MADEWASKA when it pulled out of Manila that June day in 1920 were two unusual groups.

One group was a handful of well stacked White Russian war brides being sent to San Francisco by the Red Cross and other agencies, there to join their Yank spouses who had wooed and won 'em while serving with the AEF Siberian Expedition. These hefty BARISHYNAS were quartered in comfortable cabins far aft; a heavy guard was posted over that "No Man's Land" area day and night, and their fair persons and inviolate area was a rigid off-bounds to us ordinarily run-of-the-hold grizzled old Regulars.

The other group of off-trail human cargo was an aggregation of uniformed lads of senior high school age and animal spirits. These rollicking teen-agers had, under the guidance of a foggy, near-sighted music prof, been making a school band tour of the Far East. The musical rendition of

the band left much to be desired, and they had wound up in Manila busted. So fast broke that the absent-minded professor had had to appeal to authorities for the necessary permission for him and his charges to be returned to the States at Government expense. Hence their presence aboard that transport.

These lads were also assigned quarters in a remote quarter of the good ship MADEWASKA but unlike the fair Russkies were given practically the run of the ship. They were good, clean-cut American kids and we old Regs who were homeward bound got along excellently with them. A day or so out of Manila we drew a partial payment and for a few days, at least, we kept those youngsters stuffed with candy and cookies from the ship's service store. Naturally those kids became quite fond of us grizzled old Regs.

Suddenly a wild rumor swept the ship, a rumor unlike the usual latrine scuttlebutt in that it was

soon confirmed. The MADEWASKA was to put into Vladivostok, that teeming, intriguing city which had been the base port of the recently departed AEF Siberian Expedition. The ship's stay there, it was learned, was to be of very short duration; purpose: to pick up a handful of Americans and other Allied personnel who had been closing out the final paper work and bag-ends of the Allied expedition to that desolate country.

Naturally, every one of the many veterans of the Siberian Expedition aboard—and our name was legion—had a burning yen to go ashore in "Vladdy" if only for a couple of fleeting hours. But the word came down to the troop holds that there would be no shore leave. For any enlisted men, period.

The MADEWASKA tied up at a beat-up dock in the Siberian port city. A few hours shore leave was granted to the chosen few aboard—Army and ship's officers; a handful of trustworthy ship's crewmen; a bevy of the White Russian war brides; and, under the thick hi-focals of the wool-gathering prof-chaperon, some of the older boys of that globe-trotting school band.

Unfortunately, it must be reported that several of these uniformed band laddies returned cock-eyed; in fact, it was all some of them could do to successfully negotiate the passage up the gang-plank. The professor, sped back to the ship soon after leaving it to report some of his charges had mysteriously disappeared immediately after hitting the cobbled

streets of the wicked city. The prof breathed a vast sigh of relief as, stepping close and peering into the face of every weaving returnee, he discovered that the "lad" was not one of his flock but a happily vodka-tight Regular who had, with malice aforethought, effected a switch of uniforms with one of the Prof's bandmen.

What's that they say about love laughing at locksmiths? Brother, by the same token you can't keep an old Regular from achieving his ends by hedging him about by restrictive orders. Ask any surviving members of the fast-passing old breed!

* LG *

A few kilometers north of the Marine Corps Depot in San Diego is a ramshackle old frame building housing a terse, transplanted State of Maine character with a keen sense of humor. Witness, the sign he displays prominently in front the combination cafe and service station run by him and his motherly wife:

EAT HERE AND GET GAS

* LG *

Patricia, of the Post Ex, went to the NCO Club's masquerade party as a telephone operator and had three close calls.

* LG *

G. I. TRAVELOG

Won me a shiner back in ol' Terre Haute—
She was nice and I was
naughty.

* LG *

Rear Rank Rudy was sounding off about the chow. "It's lousy," he announced. "And besides, they serve such small portions!"

* LG *

Sergeant A. Romeo Wolfo, on furlough in Spokane, was intrigued by the penned message he discovered on the flyleaf of the bible he found in his room at the Sprague: "If you are lonesome and restless, read Psalms 23 and 27."

Ever the helpful guy, the Army's great lover penned an addendum: "Or call SHOShone 2-6733 and ask for Mac."

* LG *

EPI-TAPS
Reposes here the remains
of Seaman Wright—
Quaffed the compass alky
when he was half
tight.

* LG *

Sign on the rear end of a Hollywood hot rod: **ALMOST MARRIED.**

* LG *

The newly minted second loot ambled out of a room on the street floor of the Biltmore in Los Angeles and almost walked over one of the sergeants of his Fort Ord outfit. Recognizing the soldier, he mumbled an apology.

"Excuse me, sergeant. I'm afraid I'm just a wee bit nervous. You see, I've got to report to the Old Man tomorrow morning. I want to

make a good first impression, so I've been rehearsing a bit of a speech in that little room."

The sergeant grinned at the recently graduated West Pointer. "Hmmm," he declared, "'A wee bit nervous,' lieutenant? And rehearsing in 'that little room,' says you. Look—get a load of where you've been!" And he pointed to the sign above the door of that small room: **LADIES LOUNGE.**

* LG *

Top Junior is chock full of confidence. He's the only one we've ever met who can eat blackberry jam on a plente without looking to see if the seeds move.

* LG *

The rather backward maid of the Oarbs was complaining that she gave her life savings of one hundred dollars to the man she married just two days ago.

"Where is he now?" her friend asked.

"I don't know. I'm just waiting for him to come back from his honeymoon."

NEW DEAL

If I should run for president,
I wouldn't be a dope;
I'd only kiss the babies who,
Were old enough to vote.



The Readers' Page

An Open Forum for Our Fun-Loving Friends
(A colorful Jayhawk souvenir sticker is sent to each reader whose comments are used on this page.)

WELL, CHARLEY:

While reading the November issue we noticed an interesting item on page 63. We wish to express our heartfelt sympathy for those poor boys Kemp, Allgood, Brew and Lockhart for having to spend their "overseas" time so far from the United States. That must be pretty tough! Duty away out there 80 miles from California. Here we are about 6,080 miles from California and we have to stay here a year or so. They have to stay on the "censored" island only 90 days. They really need moral support. And they can send the goods over here! Goat's milk would beat our powdered and condensed milk. They even have to eat fresh eggs while ours are especially treated — powdered, that is! We wish them all the luck in the world. The boys in the 5154th Motor Vehicle.

Sounds like more of that good old argument about who's the best soldier in the best squad in the best platoon in the best company in the best battalion in the best regiment in the best division in the whole damn Army.

DEAR CHARLEY:

Mrs. Scrapper and I are visiting in Beloit (Kans.) a few days before going to my new assignment in Boston. We aren't going to be able to get down to Wichita to see you as we planned but will next year when

we return to Kansas for good. We know you'll understand how it is and we'll be looking forward to seeing you then. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Scrapper.

Mr. and Mrs. Scrapper are two of our Pen Pals who got together, got married and are making a swell go of it now that he's back from overseas duty.

DEAR CHARLEY:

My collection of LAUGH BOOKS is complete aside from those I have marked on the attached list. Please send me those I am short. Meanwhile, I'll be glad to make some one happy with an extra copy I have of the 11th edition if you know some one who needs it. Homer Duke, 2208 Talner Lane, Wichita Falls, Texas.

There's good news for some one who is lacking a No. 11 for their collection. Just write Homer and tell him that I sent you. And thank you very much, Homer.

DEAR CHARLEY:

I have been keeping files of jokes ever since before the war as I wrote to several Kankakee boys, including my own husband. I am enclosing a "For Rent" ad from the Kankakee Daily Journal of one day last week. Incidentally, this house is right across the street from me and my husband thought you'd get a kick

out of it. You can see the clipping has passed through many hands out of the stove shop. Velda M. Cortese, 391 So. Wildwood, Kankakee, Illinois.

Thanks Velda—and let's share the humor of that ad with the rest of the nice people. Here it is:

FOR RENT: Basement room, 1 or 2 gentlemen. Also young lady 18 to 25 to share room with same. 2 beds and two closets. Utilities and linen furnished. Automatic heat and hot water. Near bus line, 363 So. Wildwood.

DEAR CHARLEY:

I read LAUGH BOOK every month and love it. Short stories mean more stories and more laughs—which is why I buy it. I think Dr. Phillips is wrong. There was nothing wrong with that story that I could see. Mrs. Azules Windham, Box 395, Umetilla, Florida.

Thanks for your thoughts, Azules, and from the way the mail reads this Dr. Phillips hasn't a friend in the world.

DEAR CHARLEY:

I noticed in the April issue a few lines in Earl Wilson's column about the furor over Terry Moore's crime bikini. As I recall it, she was rather surprised over the commotion her bathing suit caused. I don't understand why she should have been. You'd think that any one would realize that running around in a fur bathing suit might prove to be a rather ticklish matter. Enos A. Anderson.

Ticklish, yes—and kinda cold, too, when you consider that all this came off during the winter. But then, she took Mamma along, too, so she could get on the display without fear of some GI plucking the merchandise.

DEAR CHARLEY:

Some one complained a little while ago that you didn't have original jokes. I challenge that person to tell what he considers an original joke. Did he ever notice at parties how many people have heard any given joke before? L. E. is a collection of everybody's humor and NOT one person's opinion of "original and distinctive humor". That's why it is the best.

I don't imagine that I'm your Northernmost reader but I'll bet that I come pretty close to holding that record. Canada is NOT a land of perpetual ice and snow. Ever here at Norman Wells, which is 1,560 miles North of Seattle, the average winter temperature is only 20° below and rises to the high 90° in the summer. Although we have permafrost down two feet from the surface the year around, we have some of the best vegetable and flower gardens that can be grown anywhere.

Letters are really appreciated up here, Charley, so if any of my fellow fun-lovers would care to correspond I would enjoy changing ideas and information on our respective localities. I am 29 years old, stand 5' 11", weigh 185 pounds, blond hair, blue eyes and single. Yours for continued laughs, Ben Kromend, c/o Imperial Oil, Ltd., Norman Wells, N. W. T., Canada.

You tell 'em Ben! You do a better job than we do. It is doubtful if there is a joke in this or any other contemporary book of humor, the origin of which can not be traced back for many, many centuries. New jokes are always a new approach to an old situation. They never change. Like it says up there in front, LAUGH BOOK runs on the premise that every joke is new to some one. Even we hear a "new one" now and

then. Look over there in the Pen Pal section, Ben, and take your pick. Why not write to M. A. Hafeez Sufi, of Lahore Pakistan? Should be interesting!

DEAR CHARLEY:

I have enjoyed your magazine through my first 1-year subscription. Your magazine is the best on the market. I have received my Mary Dorman wall plaques and I am very much pleased with them. I see on the Reader's Page that there is one person who dislikes this wonderful magazine. I do not think it is good to print such a letter. It seems he likes to heckle the jokes and the magazine. What is he trying to do? He does not have to buy it. I buy it because I enjoy reading the jokes. The jokes are clean and no one should criticize them. Sincerely, Ralph M. Shaw, 219 Packard, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Thank you, Ralph, even though I do have to disagree with what you have to say, at least in part. We do not mind criticism. In fact, we appreciate it because it keeps us on our toes constantly in our effort to supply you and people like you with a better magazine. We fully realize that we can't please everyone, but we can sure try as long as we know what people want and don't want. And we do try ever so earnestly to supply "something for everyone". Might interest you to know that Mary Dorman is a resident of your own state of Michigan. Her Happy Plaques come from Traverse City, where Mary resides with her husband and her family.

DEAR CHARLEY:

Sure get a lot of chuckles out of your LBM each month and I definitely love to read your letter in each

issue. Very interesting! You may be coming through Canton sometime this summer and might stop off for awhile. If so, and you have the time, I would like for you to call on me as I would like very much to meet you. Here's hoping you are in the best of health and until I hear from you again—good luck. Respectfully yours, W. R. (Walt) Miller, 1837 Hammond Ave., S. W., Canton, O.

Thanks, Walt, and don't be surprised if your phone rings some day when I'm driving East. Used to have an uncle who lived in your town. His name was Harry Derwechter. Deceased now, he used to have something to do with the Canton Machine & Foundry or some such firm.

DEAR CHARLEY:

Seems like some people are never satisfied no matter what happens. So I place my vote for the present LAUGH BOOK MAGAZINE and not the stories. Although a 1-page story once in awhile does no harm. Also, you're doing a fine job of screening out the undesirable jokes. A lot of them are changed and re-arranged to make them printable and this new arrangement is a twist that gives many of us a chuckle. Keep up the present humor-packed magazine for greatest enjoyment and I'm sure you'll never regret it. Sincerely, Bob Schwarz, 318 No. Holyoke, Wichita, Kansas.

Goah, from right here in my own home town! Thanks, Bob, and I do appreciate what you say. And you want to know something? I'm just downright lonesome since I suspended publication on our old DOWNTOWN WICHITA. Wonder if any one else misses it as much as I do? Drop in at the office some time.



This very same plaque was formerly advertised on the back cover for \$1 and thousands of them have been sold at that price. Now, you can get one FREE with a year's subscription to LAUGH BOOK. You get this handsome plaque AND your subscription for the \$3 price of the subscription alone . . . and you save \$1.20 under the single copy price besides.

That's a bargain if you ever saw one!

The plaque is attractively printed in 5 colors and mounted on indestructible Masonite. It is 7 x 9 inches in size and appears to be hand-colored print. Hung in an appropriate place it radiates an atmosphere of sincere warmth and welcome to friends and guests who enter your home. A perfect gift, too.

To get yours and your subscription just send your name and address together with \$3 in cash, check or Money Order.

LAUGH BOOK MAGAZINE

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Charley Jones' Laugh Book Magazine vol.9 #11 (1954)

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